

NATIONAL

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APRIL
No. 53

COMICS

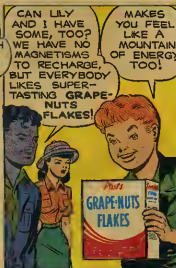
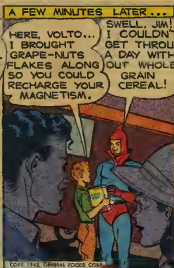
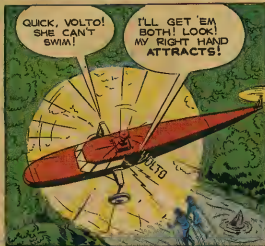
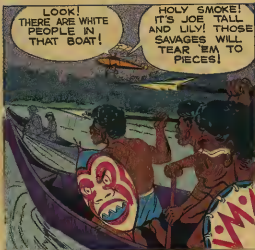
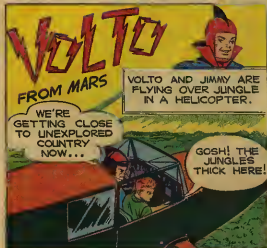
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- AL BRYANT -



WEB COMIC
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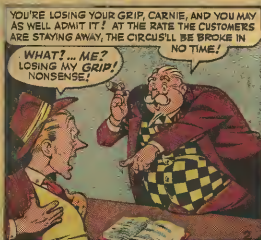
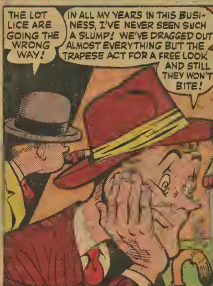
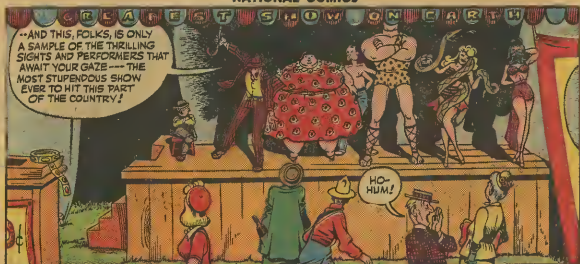
TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

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THE BARKER



Here he is, lad-e-e-s and gentlemen... **SCRAMOLD**, the world's greatest escape artist! Watch him get out of the tightest bonds, the strongest cage, any man-made fetters! Watch him dazzle a thrill hungry audience with his slippery antics! No wonder Carnie Calahan, the **BARKER**, thought he was the biggest act Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus had ever offered the public! Unfortunately, Scramold didn't think as much of the Barker....and that meant trouble!



THEN HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE FACT THAT WE CAN'T PULL ENOUGH PEOPLE IN TO MAKE IT WORTH WHILE PUTTING ON A PERFORMANCE?

IT'S SIMPLE! THEY'RE TIRED OF LOOKING AT THE SAME OLD ACTS! WE HAVEN'T HAD A NEW ACT IN AN AGE!



HUMF! AND WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST, MAY I ASK?

THERE YOU'VE GOT ME!

NO, HE HASN'T, KID! I'M YOUR ANSWER!

WH-WHO ARE YOU?

HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?



ELEMENTARY, PAL! I GOT IN THE SAME WAY I GET OUT OF PLACES!

BUT THE DOOR AND THE WINDOWS ARE LOCKED!



THAT'S RIGHT UP MY ALLEY! SCRAMOLO'S THE NAME --- THE WORLD'S GREATEST ESCAPE ARTIST! ONLY SOMETIMES I PERFORM IN REVERSE AND GET INTO PLACES!

OH, YEAH? HOW COME I NEVER HEARD OF YOU? I KNOW EVERYBODY IN THE CIRCUS BUSINESS!



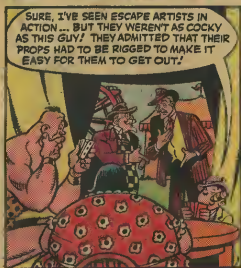
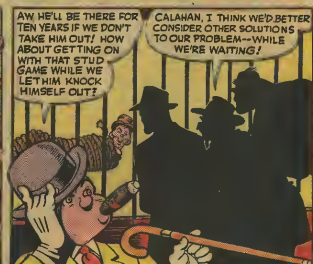
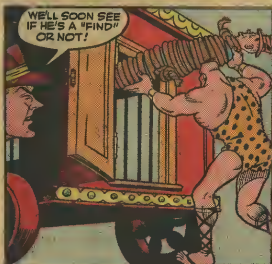
EASILY EXPLAINED! YES, INDEED! MINE ISN'T THE KIND OF ACT ONE PUTS ON FOR THE EDIFICATION OF THE MULTITUDE! -- SPECIAL PRIVATE PERFORMANCES HAVE BEEN MY FORTE!



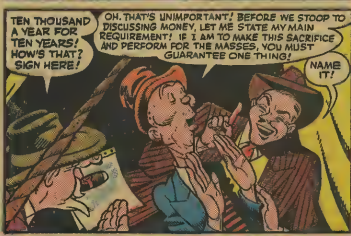
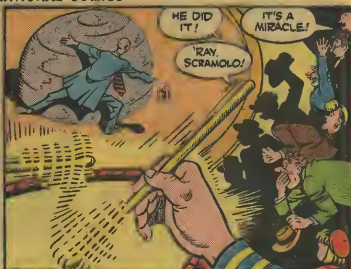
LET HIM STRUT HIS STUFF FOR US, COLONEL! IF HE'S AS GOOD AS HE SAYS, HE MAY BE WHAT WE NEED!

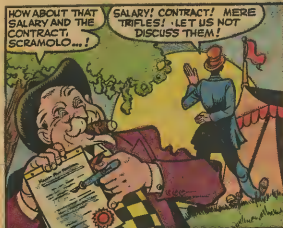
HUMF! IT PROBABLY WON'T DO ANY GOOD... BUT THINGS CAN'T GET ANY WORSE!



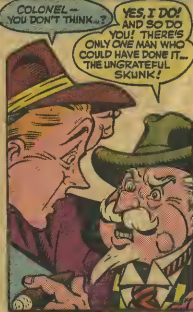
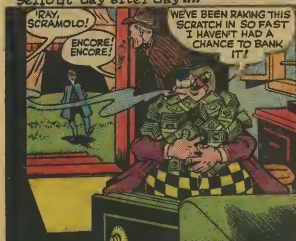




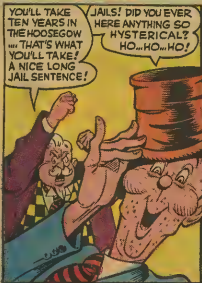
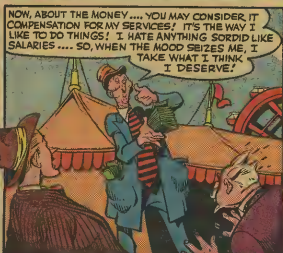
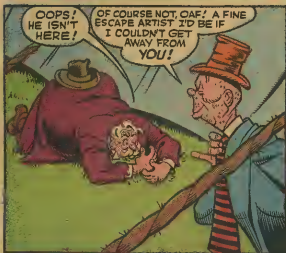
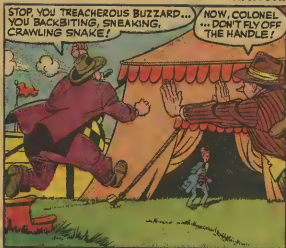




Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus is a sellout day after day...



YES, I DO! AND SO DO YOU! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT... THE UNGRATEFUL SKUNK!



I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU ARE REASONABLE MEN!



EITHER WAY, WE'RE SUNK UNLESS WE FIGURE OUT HOW TO HANDLE SCRAMOLO! IF HE WALKS OUT, WE LOSE OUR TOP ACT! IF HE STAYS, HE STEALS ALL WE MAKE! THE PROBLEM IS...WHAT'S HIS SECRET? IF WE KNOW THAT, WE'VE GOT HIM!



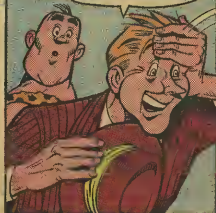
HE CAN'T BE HELD IN A LOCKUP!

HE LAUGHS AT JAILS!

HE'S AFRAID OF CERTAIN UNKNOWN PARTIES!



I'VE GOT IT! OW! HOW DID I EVER MISS IT IN THE FIRST PLACE? EXCUSE ME, GANG!----I'VE GOTTA SEND SOME TELEGRAMS!



At the next performance--

THAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! HE'S BUSTED OUT OF HALF A DOZEN JAILS! WE KEEP HUNTING FOR HIM BECAUSE IT'S OUR JOB.... BUT WE KNOW WE WON'T BE ABLE TO HOLD HIM!

YOU WON'T... BUT I'VE ALSO WIRED A FRIEND OF MINE WHO WILL!



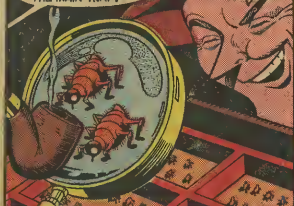
HI, CARNIE! WHAT'S THE PITCH?

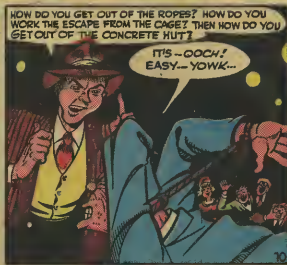
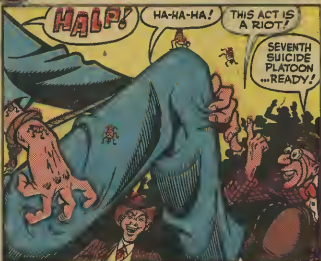
A POLICE JOB FOR YOUR FLEA CIRCUS, PROFESSOR! HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO--



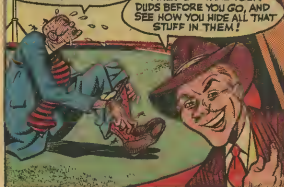
SQUADRON EIGHT, FIFTH BATTALION, WILL MAKE A FLANKING ATTACK, WHILE THE SEVENTH SUICIDE PLATOON BAITS HIM INTO THE MAIN TRAP!

AND I'LL BE ON HAND TO EKE A LITTLE INFORMATION!





I CARRY TINY RAZOR BLADES ALL OVER ME FOR THE ROPES --- I USE SMALL MAGNETS TO SPREAD THE BARS OF A CAGE --- AND SMALL CHARGES OF DYNAMITE, TREATED WITH A CHEMICAL TO MUFFLE THE NOISE, TO TUNNEL OUT OF THE CONCRETE HUTS!



FINE! I'LL TAKE YOUR DUDS BEFORE YOU GO, AND SEE HOW YOU HIDE ALL THAT STUFF IN THEM!

HELLO BOYS! TAKE ME OFF TO ONE OF YOUR NICE JAILS! PLEASE! THOSE MONSTERS NEARLY NIBBLED ME TO DEATH!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, SCRAMOLO!

KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, FLEAS! IF HE MAKES A FALSE MOVE, ATTACK!



SO HE ONLY USED TO GIVE PRIVATE PERFORMANCES! WHAT A SPECIALTY... BUSTING OUT OF JAILS!

BUT WHAT WILL WE DO FOR AN ESCAPE ARTIST?

WHY, IT'S A CINCH, COLONEL! HERE ARE SCRAMOLO'S GADGETS JUST AS HE SAID! WITH THESE THINGS HANDY, I CAN TAKE HIS PLACE IN A JIFFY!



At the evening show...



THAT'S IT! NICE AND TIGHT! AND THEN WATCH ME GET OUT!

GULP! SPLUTTER! UGH!... IT DOESN'T WORK!

FAKE! HE CAN'T DO IT! WE WANT OUR MONEY BACK!

YOU BUNGLING LOUD-MOUTHED IDIOT!



HOW WE GONNA MAKE AN ACT OUT OF THIS, COLONEL?

I'VE GOT IT! MUSTLE PROFESSOR SCRATZ BACK HERE! WE'LL PUT HIS FLEAS INTO THE ACT WITH CARNIE...!

Y-I-I-I-P-E! AND THIS WAS MY IDEA!



Sally O'NEIL



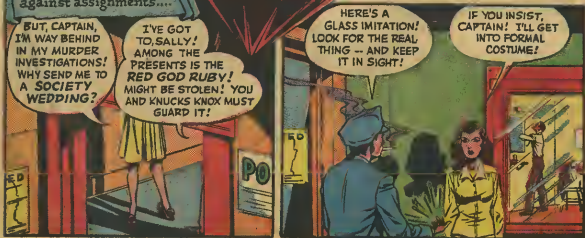
Good police officers sometimes protest against assignments....

BUT, CAPTAIN, I'M WAY BEHIND IN MY MURDER INVESTIGATIONS! WHY SEND ME TO A SOCIETY WEDDING?

I'VE GOT TO, SALLY! AMONG THE PRESENTS IS THE **RED GOD RUBY**! MIGHT BE STOLEN! YOU AND KNUCKS KNOX MUST GUARD IT!

HERE'S A GLASS IMITATION! LOOK FOR THE REAL THING -- AND KEEP IT IN SIGHT!

IF YOU INSIST, CAPTAIN! I'LL GET INTO FORMAL COSTUME!



YOU'RE GORGIS, SALLY! WAIT! I SLICK DOWN ME HAIR -- WE'LL LOOK LIKE WE'RE FROM NOBLE FAMILIES!

LET'S GET GOING, KNUCKS! I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS RED GOD RUBY! IT WAS ONCE THE SACRED STONE OF MAZUNGA!



Later, at the reception following the Kingbred-Rousseau wedding...

WE'RE SO HAPPY YOU WERE ABLE TO GIVE US YOUR HELP, SALLY!



GLAD TO OBLIGE, MRS. ROUSSEAU! BUT YOUR MOTHER -- MRS. KINGBRED -- WISHES TO SEE ME!

HERE ARE THE PRESENTS YOU MUST WATCH! MR. GWARDEN, MY SECRETARY, WILL EXPLAIN!

ONE GIFT IN PARTICULAR MUST BE CAREFULLY GUARDED!



SAINTS O' MERCY! WHAT A GOB OF GLITTER!

THE GIFT OF THE GROOM'S MOTHER! MANY HAVE DIED OVER THIS JEWEL -- BACK TO THE BEGINNINGS OF ITS HISTORY IN THE EASTERN KINGDOM OF MAZUNGA!



PEOPLE DIE OVER IT, HUH? NOT US, I HOPE!

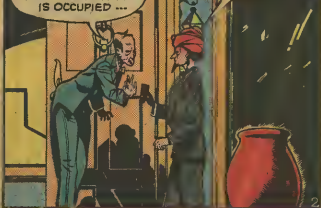
I HOPE!

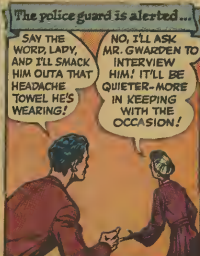
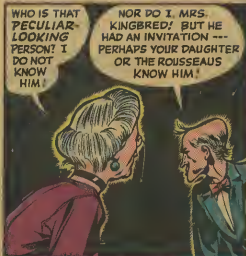


Then, at the door...

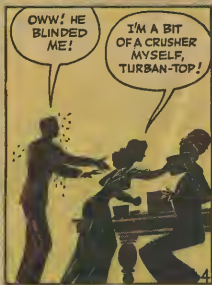
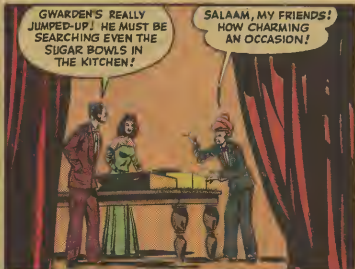
SIR! IF YOU HAVE BUSINESS, IT MUST WAIT -- THE MADAME IS OCCUPIED --

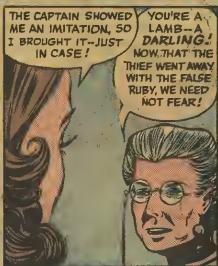
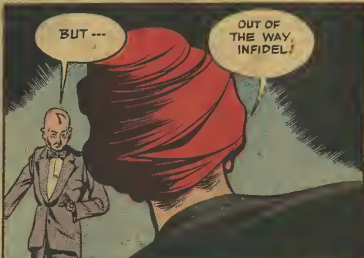
I KNOW! HER DAUGHTER'S WEDDING! HERE IS MY INVITATION!





Back to the table of gifts, where...







AND WE OF THE
POLICE TOAST
YOU IN TURN!

OH-OH!

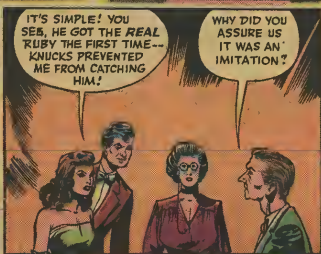


IXNAY, UCKSNAY!
LET HIM
ITCHSWAY!



THAT ORIENTAL --
HE WAS HERE
AGAIN!

YEP! HE SWITCHED
BACK THE PHONY
RUBY FOR THE
REAL ONE--AND
SALLY LET
HIM!



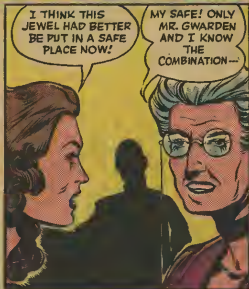
IT'S SIMPLE! YOU
SEE, HE GOT THE REAL
RUBY THE FIRST TIME--
KNUCKS PREVENTED
ME FROM CATCHING
HIM!

WHY DID YOU
ASSURE US
IT WAS AN
IMITATION?



I KNEW HE'D BE LISTENING
SOMEWHERE -- SO I TOLD A
STORY THAT WOULD MAKE
HIM GIVE US THE REAL
RUBY AGAIN!

YOU'RE MORE
THAN A GENIUS
--- YOU'RE A
DARLING!



I THINK THIS
JEWEL HAD BETTER
BE PUT IN A SAFE
PLACE NOW!

MY SAFE! ONLY
MR. GWARDEN
AND I KNOW
THE
COMBINATION---

IS THAT SAFE
ADEQUATE
KNUCKST

YEP! STRONG--GOOD
SYSTEM---IT WOULD BREAK
THE HEARTS OF SOME
GUYS I KNOW--- I MEAN
I KNOW 'EM
PROFESSIONALLY!

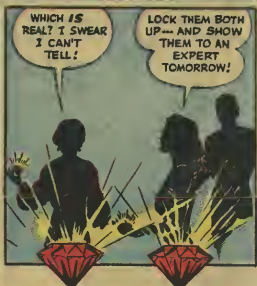
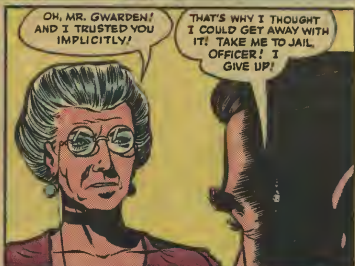
The reception
comes to an end....

WE'LL ALL WISH THE
BRIDE AND GROOM A
HAPPY WEDDING
JOURNEY
OUTSIDE!

CONGRATULATIONS!

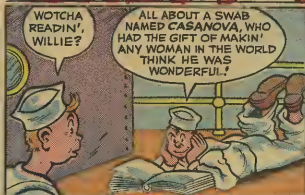
Inside, the
safe is
seemingly
unguarded--





NATIONAL COMICS

SALTY WATERS



Quicksilver

The tale of one who
was all alone...
except for **DEATH!**



It has happened -- the most daring
and skilful prison break of history!



Even the watchful guards
are outthought and
outfought!

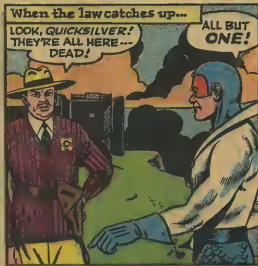
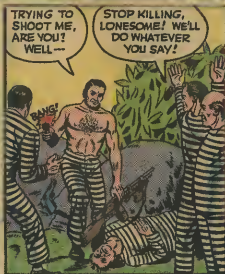


An armored car, by chance
in the yard, is captured --
the fugitives win clear!

IF LONESOME HADN'T
PLANNED THIS, WE
COULDN'T HAVE
PULLED IT!

G'AD YOU
REALIZE
THAT! I'M
GIVING THE
ORDERS -- HEAD
UP THE
MOUNTAIN
ROAD!





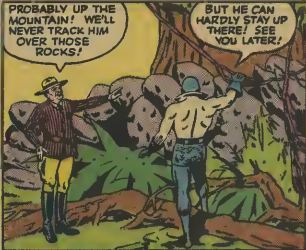
RIGHT -- LONESOME.
THE MAN WHO PLANNED
THE BREAK! HE'S A
LONE-HAND THUG -- ONE
OF THE HARDEST MEN TO
CATCH IN THE HISTORY
OF CRIME!

HE USED THESE
STOOGES TO BREAK
OUT! THEN, WHEN
THEY WERE USELESS,
HE KILLED THEM!
BUT WHERE DID
HE GO?



PROBABLY UP THE
MOUNTAIN! WE'LL
NEVER TRACK HIM
OVER THOSE
ROCKS!

BUT HE CAN
HARDLY STAY UP
THERE! SEE
YOU LATER!

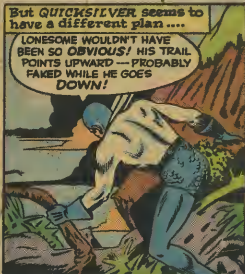


WE'LL MAKE A LINE
OF ARMED MEN CLEAR
AROUND HERE -- THEN
CLOSE IN **UPWARD**
TO GET HIM!



But **QUICKSILVER** seems to
have a different plan

LONESOME WOULDN'T HAVE
BEEN SO OBVIOUS! HIS TRAIL
POINTS UPWARD -- PROBABLY
FAKED WHILE HE GOES
DOWN!



HERE HE IS ---
KNOCKED OUT OR
HURT OR --



NO -- SOMEONE
ELSE IN **HIS**
CLOTHES!



WHICH MEANS LONESOME
KILLED HIM FOR HIS CIVVIES --
AND IS MIXING INTO THE
OUTSIDE WORLD RIGHT
NOW! HOW TO
CATCH HIM?



QUICKSILVER has a million sources of information...and climbs like a cat to check them...even to the sky-aspiring tower where lives...

LOCK, MARMOT... IF LONESOME'S LOOSE, HE'LL BE HEADING HERE!

I KNOW IT, STOOGE! THAT'S WHY WE'D BETTER BE READY TO SHOOT FIRST!

IT'S LONESOME!

NO, BUT JUST AS BAD... **QUICKSILVER!** OPEN FIRE---

I CAME TO HELP YOU TWO! I KNOW LONESOME WILL COME THIS WAY... **SHOOTING!**

BOTH OF YOU IN ONE NIGHT WILL BE TOO RICH FOR MY BLOOD!

COME ON, TELL EVERYTHING! YOU TURNED EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM ONCE -- TO KEEP YOURSELF OUT OF PRISON!

LOOK, THAT'S THE ONLY TIME LONESOME EVER USED PARTNERS! THE THREE OF US PULLED A HOLDUP, WITH HIM AS LEADER! NOW HE'S OUT, HE'LL KILL ME FOR SQUEALING -- SURE!



SURE!

IT'S L-LONESOME!

FIRST LET'S DISPOSE OF YOUR COMPANY... I HATE CROWDS!

DON'T SHOOT, LONESOME! I GIVE UP!





NOW YOU'LL
LEAVE ME
ALONE!



I'VE GOT REVENGE--HALF
MY SWORN AMBITION! NOW
MY ONE BIG JOB -- LONE
HAND--WILL GIVE ME
ENOUGH MONEY TO SECURE
THE OTHER HALF!



QUICKSILVER, only created
by the bullet, recovers

I HEARD THAT--OR PART OF
IT! WHAT'S THE OTHER
HALF OF HIS AMBITION?



HE WANTS TO BE
ALONE! HATES CROWDS--
THE MONEY WILL BUY HIM
SOME SORT OF SOLITUDE
--BUT WHAT?



In a nearby bank...

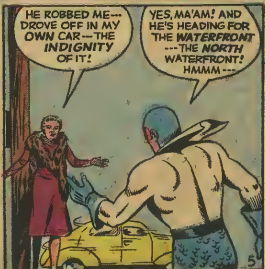
--AND LET ME HAVE
LARGE BILLS! I NEVER
SPEND SMALL ONES!

OF COURSE,
MRS. TERWILLE!



I SAW THAT WAD
OF CASH, LADY! GIVE
IT HERE --LIKewise
YOUR CAR!

YEEEEK!
WHAT A
VULGAR
PERSON!



HE ROBBED ME--
DROVE OFF IN MY
OWN CAR--THE
INDIGNITY
OF IT!

YES, MA'AM! AND
HE'S HEADING FOR
THE WATERFRONT
--THE NORTH
WATERFRONT!
HMMM--

The most remote part
of the pier section...

YEP, THERE HE
COMES --- LIKE HE
PROMISED IN THE
CODE LETTER FROM
THE JAIL
HOUSE!

HERE'S THE
CASH I
PROMISED!

AND I CAN GIVE THE
BRIGHT LIGHTS A
WHIRL! HAVEN'T
SEEN NO NIGHT
LIFE SINCE LILLIAN
RUSSELL WAS A
SOUBRETTE!



HMMM! HE LEFT HIS
CAR! I'D DRIVE IT, ONLY
I NEVER LEARNED HOW
TO USE A GEAR
SHIFT---

COME HERE
AND TALK
TO ME!



YOU HAVE THE
STOLEN MONEY
---THE CAR!
WHAT DID YOU
SELL TO THAT
MAN?

I DON'T
TELL TALES,
YOUNG FELLER!
FIND OUT FER
YOURSELF!



I'LL FIND OUT!
LET'S SEE!
SALT WATER
CHARACTER--
SORT OF
BACK-NUMBER
AND SURLY---

WHAT'S
ALL THIS
ABOUT,
QUICK-
SILVER?

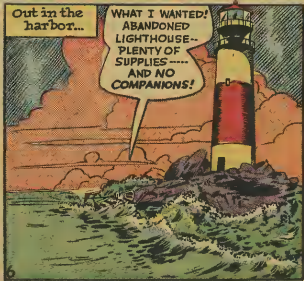


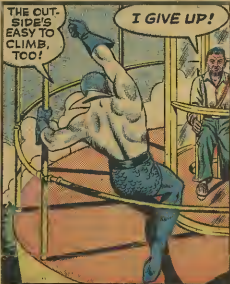
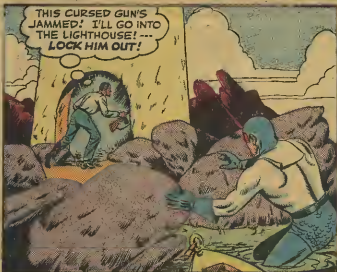
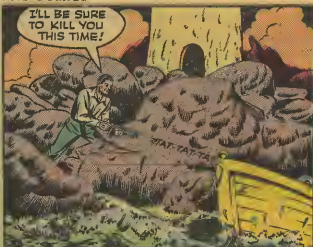
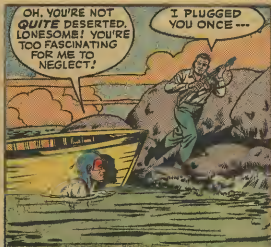
KEEP HIM AS AN
ACCESSORY, OFFICER!
I KNOW WHE 'E
LONESOME IS
HEADING!



Out in the
harbor...

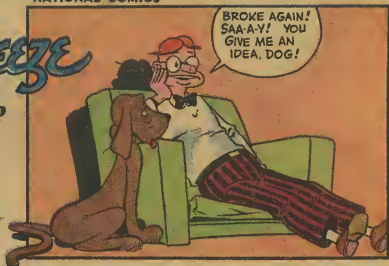
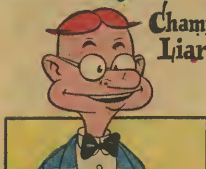
WHAT I WANTED!
ABANDONED
LIGHTHOUSE--
PLENTY OF
SUPPLIES ----
AND NO
COMPANIONS!



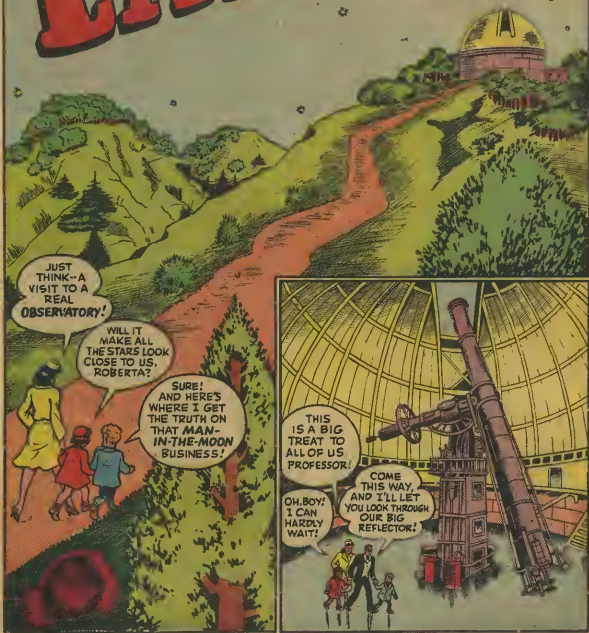


Windy Breeze

Champ
Liar



LASSIE



WHEN WE CAME
IN, I COULD ONLY
SEE ABOUT THREE
OR FOUR STARS
SHINING!

MAYBE WE CAN
FIND A FEW MORE
THROUGH THIS
THING!

EEYOW!

WHAT'S
UP?
WHATTYA
SEE?

MORE
STARS THAN
YOU THOUGHT,
EH,
LASSIE?

PROFESSOR!
WHERE DID
THEY COME
FROM?

WOW!

NO,
INDEED,
LASSIE!
THEY ARE
MOSTLY
BIG
SUNS,
MANY TIMES
LARGER THAN
OUR OWN
SUN!

ARE THEY
ALL WORLDS
JUST LIKE
WE LIVE
ON?

BUT THOSE BIG SUNS MAY HAVE PLANETS NEAR THEM, JUST LIKE THE PLANETS OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM -- SUCH AS MERCURY, SATURN, MARS AND THE OTHERS!

DO PEOPLE LIVE ON 'EM TOO, PROFESSOR?

WHAT WOULD PEOPLE LOOK LIKE ON MARS OR SATURN?

NO ONE KNOWS WHAT FORM OF LIFE, IF ANY, EXISTS THERE! BUT IF IT DOES AT ALL, IT'S PROBABLY MUCH DIFFERENT FROM OUR OWN!

IT'S POSSIBLE THEY COULD BE WHAT WE'D TERM MONSTERS--YES--VERY WEIRD--PECULIAR LOOKING CREATURES!

WE MUSTN'T MISS THAT NEXT BUS, CHILDREN!

WOW!

MONSTERS, MAYBE?

JUST S'POSE THEY SHOULD HAVE ROCKET SHIPS ON MARS, LADDIE!

AND SHOULD DECIDE TO ATTACK THE EARTH SOME NIGHT! PHEW!

15 MINUTES LATER

I HAVE TO STOP AT THE DRESSMAKERS FOR A FITTING! BUT YOU TWO GO STRAIGHT HOME! I'LL JOIN YOU THERE!

BRING SOME ICE CREAM WITH YOU, ROBERTA!

BUS STOP

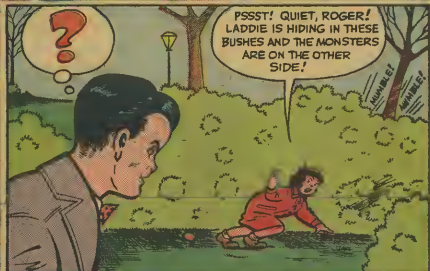
BUT, LASSIE, ROBERTA SAID TO GO STRAIGHT HOME!

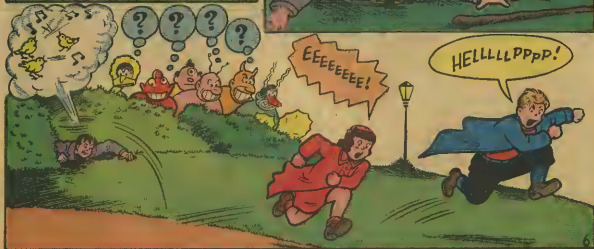
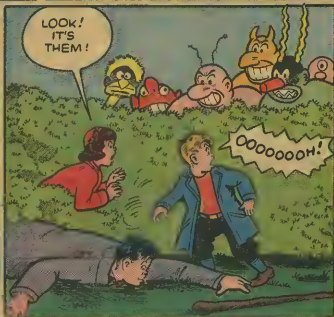
THIS WAY'S A LITTLE LONGER, BUT IT'S MORE FUN TO GO THROUGH THE PARK HERE!

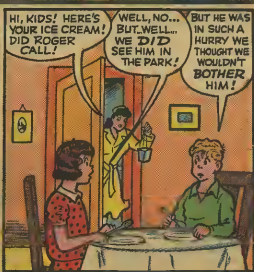
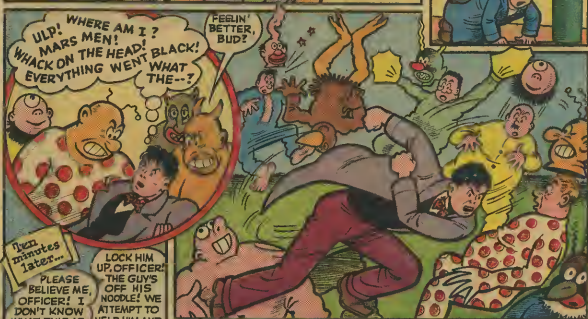
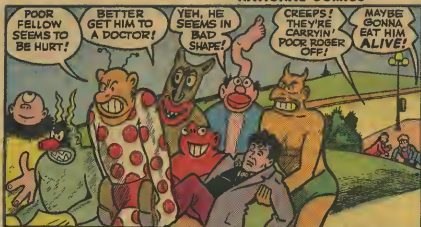
SAY, IT'S SPOOKY THIS WAY! PHEW! I'D HATE TO MEET ANY OF THOSE MONSTER MEN FROM MARS, WOULDN'T YOU?

SAY! I WONDER JUST WHAT THOSE THINGS WOULD LOOK LIKE, ANYWAY!









The WHISTLER

When Mallory Drake, police reporter, meets injustice he can only write about it.... but as THE WHISTLER, he stalks the shadows to right a thousand wrongs!



by
VERNON
HENKEL

THE MURDER TRIAL OF MONK MC GURN DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

HO-HMMM! ALMOST OVER- AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THAT JURY, I'D SAY MONK WAS AS GOOD AS FRIED RIGHT NOW!



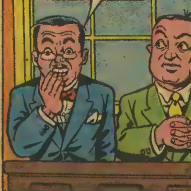
I AGREE, DRAKE! THAT LOOKS LIKE AN HONEST JURY AND THE EVIDENCE AGAINST MONK IS AIRTIGHT THIS TIME!

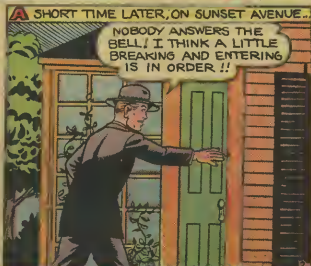
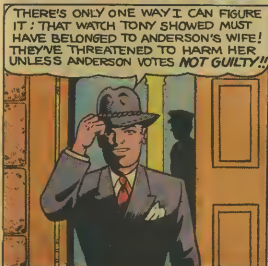
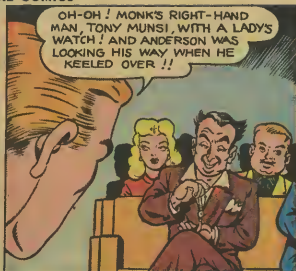
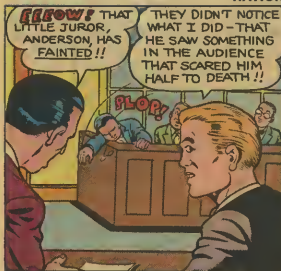
GOOD THING! THAT GOON HAS DONE MORE THAN HIS SHARE OF KILLING AND ROBBING IN THIS TOWN!!



SUDDENLY, IN THE JURY BOX.

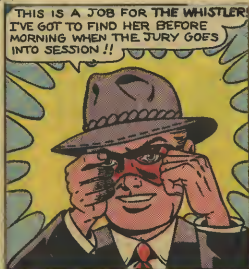
AWRRRRK!
NO! IT CAN'T BE TRUE! TH-THEY WOULDN'T DARE...







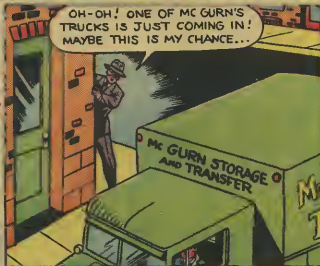
I WAS RIGHT! THEY'VE SNATCHED MRS. ANDERSON - AND HAD QUITE A STRUGGLE DOING IT!! IF MONK'S CONVICTED, SHE'LL NEVER COME HOME!



THIS IS A JOB FOR THE WHISTLER! I'VE GOT TO FIND HER BEFORE MORNING WHEN THE JURY GOES INTO SESSION!!



MY GUESS IS THEY'D HOLD HER AT MCGURN'S WAREHOUSE ON THE SOUTH SIDE! THAT WAS THEIR OLD GANG HEADQUARTERS!



OH-OH! ONE OF MCGURN'S TRUCKS IS JUST COMING IN! MAYBE THIS IS MY CHANCE...



WHAT A BREAK! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO LOOK INSIDE MCGURN'S WAREHOUSE ANYHOW!!

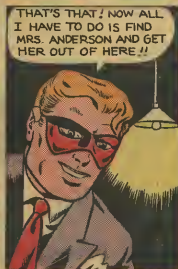
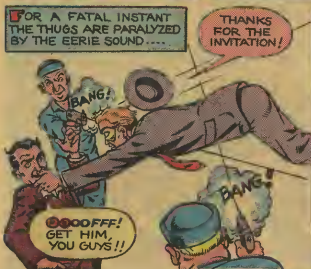


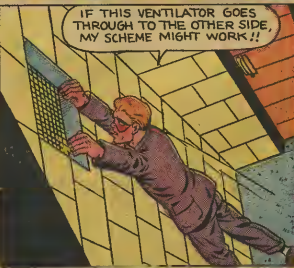
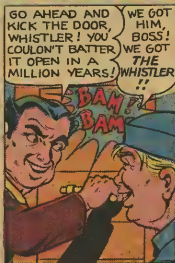
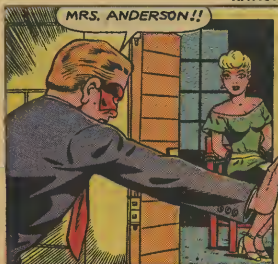
WOW! SO THAT'S IT! A DUMMY LOAD OF FURNITURE AT THE BACK TO COVER THEIR REAL LOAD! THEY MUST BE HIJACKING ROAD TRUCKS!!



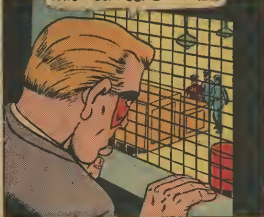
NOT A BAD GUESS, HUH...?? WHISTLER! TOO BAD YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, EH??

TONY MUNSI! GUESS I WALKED RIGHT INTO THIS ONE!!





THERE THEY GO! NOW'S MY CHANCE IF I CAN JUST THROW MY WHISTLE SO IT SEEMS TO COME FROM OUTSIDE THIS ROOM SOMEWHERE!!



YUP! IT SURE FEELS GOOD NOT TO BE SCARED BY THAT WHISTLE...AWRRK!

THE WHISTLER! HE GOT OUT SOMEHOW! HE'S OVER BY THE STAIRS!!



YOU DUMB APES! IF YOU'VE LEFT AN OPENING IN THERE, I'LL BEAT YOU CONSCIOUS!!



BUT WE DIDN'T, BOSS! HE MUST BE A GHOST!! LET'S SEE IF THE DAME'S STILL INSIDE!!

SOMEBODY MISSED! HE COULDN'T BE IN HERE AND OVER THERE, TOO... EEEEEOW!!



THANKS FOR OPENING THE DOOR, TONY!!

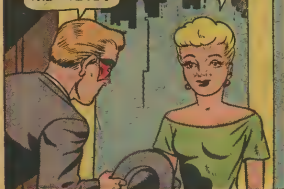
THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE MY JOB IS WELL DONE!



OWhoa! Ooowfff! OOOOWCH!

YOU GO ALONG NOW, MRS. ANDERSON! GET A CAB HOME AND PHONE YOUR HUSBAND THAT YOU'RE SAFE! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

B-BUT I HAVEN'T THANKED YOU FOR RESCUING ME! WON'T YOU COME ALONG...??



THANKS JUST THE SAME BUT I-ER- HAVE TO RELIEVE A FRIEND OF MINE WHO'S-ER- DUE IN COURT IN THE MORNING!! VERY IMPORTANT!



BANDITOS

It was only a ramshackle hut, a hundred yards off the road, but it looked like heaven to Till Gordon, the man the law sought for a theft he didn't commit.

Till stumbled toward the shack and entered. The opening had no door. He found a pile of straw in a dark corner and slumped down. His feet were blistered, sore. He was hot and hungry, but more than that he was tired. For the last five days he had been on the dodge. He knew the lawman and his posse would not listen to his story. Till wasn't very well liked in the town of Red Valley.

"I'm an outlaw," he said to himself, hating the sound of the words. "The law is after my hair. Gosh, if I'd really stuck up the bank it wouldn't be so bad, but this—this—" He let the sentence hang there; it was so ugly and frightening. Outlaw. On the dodge. Oh, what shame! What was his poor old mother thinking of him now? She would not know the real truth. The town thought him guilty.

Till lay back and felt the delicious ease of the reclining position. He was dog tired. How his head throbbed!

He must have dozed a bit. But the few days of his chase had grafted into his brain something of the instincts of the wild, hunted thing. He sat up with a start. He had heard a sound. A dull, muted throbbing. Horses' hoofs beating the hard sod. Horsemen were coming! The posse, of course. And Sheriff Link Holcomb, who had hated his father—Till's father.

Till scrambled to his feet, almost crying out with the pain in his feet. His brain reeled a bit from the sudden movement, and dark specks zipped across his blurred vision. He was about all in. And now here came doom!

The sound of the galloping

hoofs grew plainer. Till dashed out of the shack, around the corner from the front, and hid in a clump of mesquite about fifteen feet away from the back of the shack. Soon he saw six horsemen gallop up to the front and dismount. They all entered the shack. He could hear them talking, but could not make out what they said. He sat quietly, hoping they would leave soon.

Then two men came outside and led the horses to a sheltered clearing close to where Till hid. They spoke to each other in low voices.

"What's got into ole Boomer?" one of them asked. "Actin' like he hated the passel of us."

"Oh, he's on one of his uppity-uppities," said the other. "Don't pay no mind to ole Boomer."

They settled down and Till heard them get out the "makings". A match scratched. Then for a moment there was silence. Till wondered how long this would go on. He wanted to stretch his legs; he was crouched in a cramped position. His legs ached.

One of the nearby spoke again: "Any chance that Boomer'll try to cut us out, y'think?"

The other chuckled. "Let him try it, Boze, an' see what your little pard does about it. Naw. Ole Boomer won't try none o' that stuff."

"Wonder what become o' the kid they're chasin'?" went on one of the outlaws. For by now Till knew them for what they were. "Must be pretty slick to keep outa sight this long, with ole Link Holcomb on his trail."

"Yeah. 'At was 'a good stunt of Boomer's shovin' the blame onto that punk kid. Haw-haw!"

Till felt himself stiffen. The dirty rats! So they were the ones who had robbed the bank at Red Valley, and then blamed him for

it. He almost betrayed his position in his agitation. But he caught himself. He was unarmed; these men would be bristling with guns.

An abrupt sound of loud talking broke through the outlaws' conversation. Till cocked an ear. The noisy argument emanated from the shack. Suddenly there were two shots in rapid succession. Then silence. The two chaps holding the horses got quickly to their feet and one of them ran toward the shack.

The other outlaw stood tense, waiting. The first man came running back.

"Ole Boomer an' Mac done themselves in," he reported. "Ole Boomer's still alive, but he's a goner. Mac's got the top o' his cabeza blown off. Come on, Hick."

Hick and the other hurried toward the shack. Till could hear no further conversation. The two men soon came out of the shack and headed toward the horses. They began untying the saddle bags, which obviously were full of something mighty heavy. They stacked them in a heap. Till knew what was in those bags—money. Money from the bank the outlaws had robbed, and then put the blame on him!

The men carried the saddle bags into the shack, but came out quickly, got on their horses and rode, leading the mustangs belonging to the dead men. This was Till's chance. He got up and ran or the shack, ducked inside. He instantly saw that the pile of straw was the hiding place of the loot.

What was he to do? He'd have to bury the money somewhere and then set out for town to report his discovery to the authorities, and clear his own name.

Till felt very happy the way things had turned out. More than anything else, he knew how over-

joyed his mother would be to know that her son was not an outlaw. Then into his pleasant anticipations came the sound of galloping horses. The outlaws were returning. What was he to do? He was trapped in the shack, with no place to hide, and only one door and no windows.

He leaped for the fireplace and began crawling up the chimney. It was a tight squeeze, but he managed to draw his slight body upward far enough that his feet would not show below. The soot choked him and there was a moment when his desire to sneeze became torture, but he smothered it.

He heard the men dismount and enter the shack. He could not hear their conversation, but he knew that they were going to hide the money in a better place.

Twenty minutes passed while he clung to the inside of that stifling chimney, wishing the outlaws would get going. Suddenly he felt a better air coming up. They had lighted a fire below! He would be roasted alive. The hot blast rushed up, singeing his legs and face. Till prayed fast. And then he heard the sound of horses galloping away.

Carefully he lowered himself and jumped out of the fireplace. The fire had been only momentary—a bunch of papers, which were now only glowing ash.

The outlaws were gone.

Till gave the shack a good looking over, seeing that the heap of

straw had not been disturbed. The men must have burned some incriminating evidence along with the newspapers. That had been the reason for the fire.

Well, there was nothing else to detain him. He left the shack and headed toward town, which was about five miles distant. His feet were in better condition by now, and he covered the miles at a fast pace, keeping to the shelter of bushes along the road.

It was nearly sunset when he entered the single street of the town. Few persons were in sight. He went directly to the sheriff's office. The sheriff was absent, but a young deputy, instantly recognizing him, drew his gun and jumped to his feet!

"Till!" he shouted. "So you came in to give yourself up. That's better. We'd have got you sooner or later."

Till found his voice. "No," he said. "I didn't do it. I can prove it. Boomer's gang did it. I know where they buried the money. Where's the sheriff?"

A bunch of horsemen rode up and slid to a halt outside. Then the sheriff was filling the doorway, and his men crowded behind him. Till told his story. The sheriff listened, but was not convinced.

"All right, Till," he said gruffly. "Mebbe you're tellin' the truth, an' mebbe you ain't. Fork a cayuse out there and head fer the shack. But no funny stuff. We'll be coverin' ya!"

Till grinned as he climbed into the saddle. Then he looked at the sheriff. "Would it be all right if I stopped off and told my mother? She must be worried."

The sheriff scratched his head. Then he drawled, "Okay, son. I'll go in with ya, so's you don't get no notions. Lead on!"

Till spent only a few minutes with his mother, who was greatly relieved and showed her emotions though the sheriff stood looking on. Then they were off toward the shack.

The two dead men still lay where they had fallen. Till went to the straw heap and kicked it. He gasped. There was only straw. The money was gone!

The sheriff snorted. "Uh-huh. How about it, young feller? Ain't where you thought it'd be, huh?"

A sudden idea struck Till. He ran to the fireplace and kicked away the burned papers. Several loose stones were revealed. He lifted one, then took the others out. The saddle bags with their loot were buried there. He dragged them out.

"They almost caught me here and I climbed up the chimney," he related. "Never figured they were burying the money. . . . Well, now do you believe me?"

"Okay, Till, you're clear," the sheriff said. "I know you wasn't packin' no gun an' couldn't 'a kilt these ornery hombres. Come on, boy. They's a nice reward fer these skunks waitin' fer ya."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF NATIONAL COMICS published bi-monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1945.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Publisher of the NATIONAL COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and control of said publication, for the circulation, viz of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lakes Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George R. Bremer, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lakes Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is, (if owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock, if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lakes Point,

Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lakes Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Comic Magazine, Inc., 321 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known stockholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: If there are none, so state. None.

4. That the last paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1945.

LUIS J. KURIANSKY (My commission expires April 1, 1949.)

DESTROYER 171



Lt. Commander
BLAKE

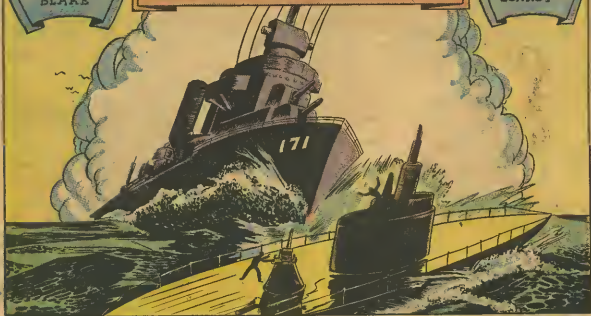
IN the long and terrible conflict, now ended, DESTROYER 171, the fighting U.S.S. PAWNEE, played an heroic role....

Only two days before the long-awaited Victory, she fought and won a gallant battle! Although wounded, she will sail again!

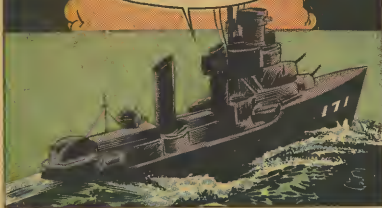
DESTROYER 171, like many another brave ship, will take her place in the Fleet, will do her share to preserve the Peace which she so courageously helped to win!



1st Officer
CONROY



HYDROPHONE SOUNDING!
REPORT SUB LYING TO
THE STARBOARD!



MAN THE GUNS!
START CIRCLING
TO PIN DOWN
THAT JAP!

AYE,
SIR!



THAT SUB COMMANDER MUST
BE CRAZY! WE'RE ONLY AN
HOUR'S SAILING TIME FROM
OUR HOME BASE! THESE
WATERS SWARM WITH
ALLIED SHIPS!



HARD RIGHT RUDDER!
WE'RE BEARING
DOWN ON HER!



THERE SHE IS!
SHE'S COME UP TO
FIGHT!



OPEN FIRE!



THE DEVILS!
THEY'VE FOUND
THE RANGE
ALREADY!

FIRE NUMBER
ONE TORPEDO!

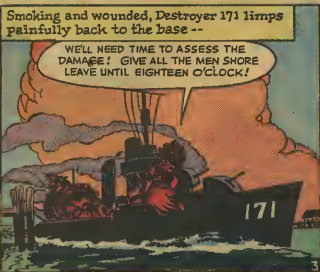
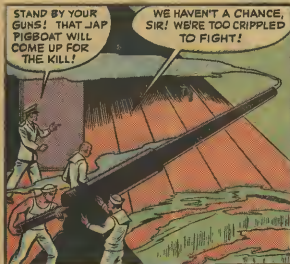


LOOK
OUT FOR
TORPEDO!



THEY
GOT US!





Later, after the preliminary survey is completed...

THE PAWNEE WILL BE IN DRYDOCK TOMORROW MORNING!

BUT SHE WON'T BE OUT AGAIN FOR SOME TIME TO COME! MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE BASE BEFORE WE TURN IN FOR THE NIGHT!



WE'RE BUILDING UP THE SINEWS OF WAR, EH, CONROY?

YES, SIR! ENOUGH AMMUNITION IN THOSE SUPPLY SHEDS TO WIPE THE ISLAND OF HONSHU OFF THE MAP!



WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS?

LOOKS LIKE A NAVAL CAP!



IT IS! THE JAPANESE NAVY! IT'S THE TYPE WORN BY THEIR SUBMARINE OFFICERS!

BY THUNDER, YOU'RE RIGHT!



I'LL BET IT'S THE SAME SUB THAT TAGGED US! NO WONDER THEY DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT! THEIR JOB WAS TO LAND A SABOTAGE UNIT ON THE ISLAND!

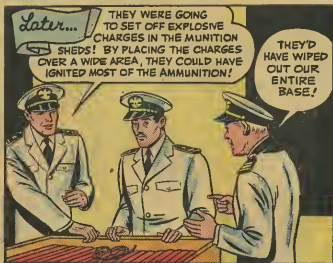
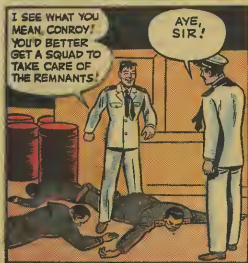


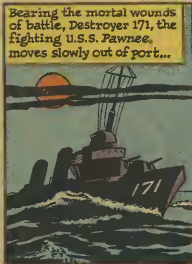
KILL THEM!



RUN, CONROY! SOUND THE ALARM!







A TORPEDO!
IT'S GOING TO
HIT US DEAD
CENTER!

WE CAN'T
MANEUVER!

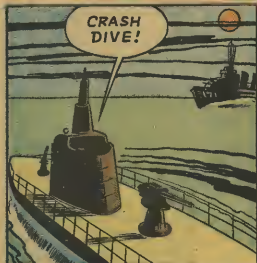
LEVEL THOSE ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUNS! RAPID FIRE! GET
THAT TIN FISH BEFORE
IT GETS US!

WE
GOT
HER!

FULL SPEED
AHEAD! RUN
DOWN THAT
SUB!



CRASH
DIVE!



AIEEEEEEE!



THE SUB'S MAKING HER LAST DIVE!
BUT THE PAWNEE WILL GO DOWN
WITH HER! WE CAN'T LIVE
THROUGH A RAMMING
LIKE THAT!

YOU'RE
WRONG,
CONROY! WE'LL
GET BACK TO
BASE!



IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME TO
REPAIR HER WOUNDS. BUT THE
PAWNEE WILL LIVE TO
SAIL ANOTHER
DAY!



RUN, WILBUR!
WE'RE IN FOR
A STORM!

Intellectual

AMOS

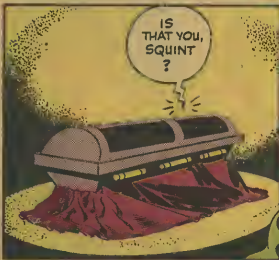
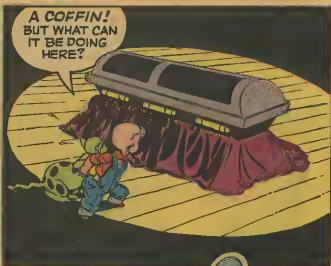
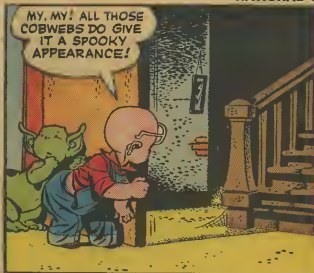
By André LE PLANT

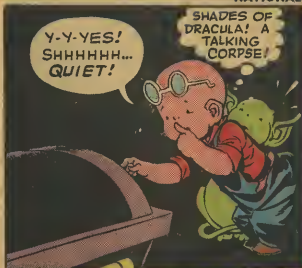
SHADES
OF JUPITER!
NOW IT'S GETTING
DARK! IF THIS RAIN
KEEPS UP WE'LL
BE HERE ALL
NIGHT!

DON'T SEEM A
VERY PLEASANT PROSPECT.
EH, WILBUR? SPENDING
THE NIGHT IN THIS
OLD HOUSE

GLOOMY OLD PLACE!
I DON'T SUPPOSE
ANYONE HAS BEEN
IN IT FOR
YEARS!

BUT AT
LEAST IT WILL
BE DRY INSIDE!
LET'S GO IN,
WILBUR!





Y-Y-YES!
SHHHHHH...
QUIET!

SHADES OF
DRACULA! A
TALKING
CORPSE!



NOW WHAT? WHAT
ARE WE GOING TO
DO...? > ULP!
SOMEONE'S
COMING!
DUCK!



ALL RIGHT...
ALL RIGHT!
I'M COMING!



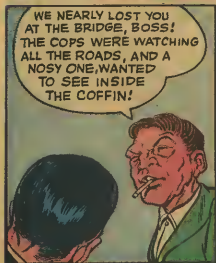
Don't you!
WHAT'S
TAKING
YOU SO
LONG?

WE HAD TO PARK
TH' HEARSE IN A
SAFE SPOT,
DIDN'T WE?



BOSS FOR A CORPSE,
YOU'RE TOO IMPATIENT!

SHUT UP! I
OUGHT TO
MAKE A CORPSE
OUT OF YOU!



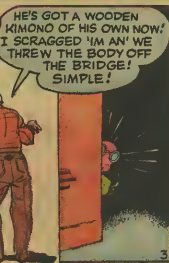
WE NEARLY LOST YOU
AT THE BRIDGE, BOSS!
THE COPS WERE WATCHING
ALL THE ROADS, AND A
NOSY ONE WANTED
TO SEE INSIDE
THE COFFIN!



THEN
WHAT
HAPPENED
?



HERE'S PETE!
LET HIM TELL
IT FROM
THERE!



HE'S GOT A WOODEN
KIMONO OF HIS OWN NOW!
I SCRAGGED 'IM AN' WE
THREW THE BODY OFF
THE BRIDGE!
SIMPLE!

THE PRISON BREAK AND THE COFFIN GAG ARE BOTH SMART, BOSS, BUT IF I HADN'T SCRAGGED THAT COPPER, THEY'D A' HAD YOU BACK IN STIR!



THEY'RE MURDERERS! FUGITIVES AND MURDERERS! AND WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY!



WELL, IT'S ALL OVER! LET'S SCRAM!

WAIT! WHAT ABOUT THE COFFIN?



HMMM! WE DON'T NEED IT ANY MORE, BUT WE CAN'T RISK LEAVING IT BEHIND! THE COPS MIGHT TRACE IT!



ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY RAISE A SQUAWK ABOUT THAT BRIDGE INCIDENT!



SQUINT! PETE! GET THAT HEARSE UP TO THE FRONT ENTRANCE!... WE'RE TAKIN' THE CASKET WITH US TO THE HIDEOUT!



THERE'S OUR CHANCE TO FOLLOW THEM! IN THE CASKET!



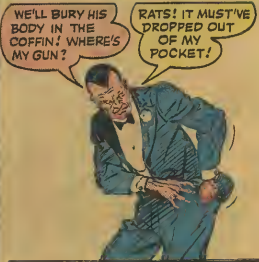
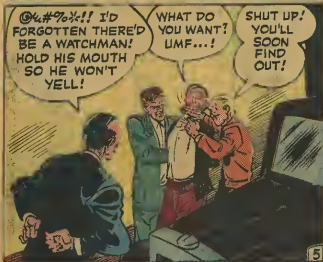
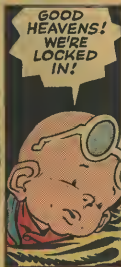
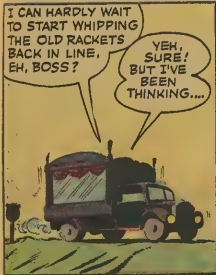
AND HURRY WITH THAT HEARSE

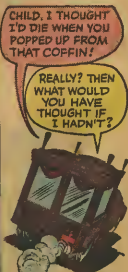
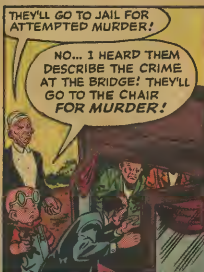
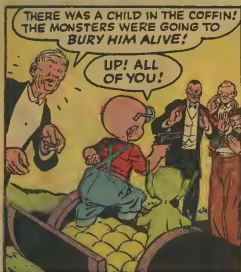
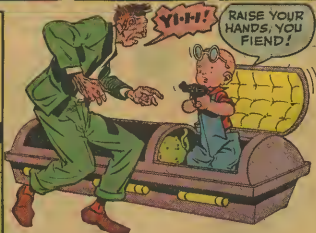
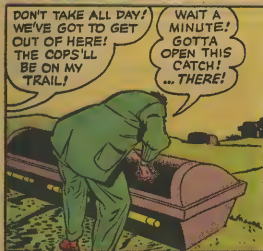
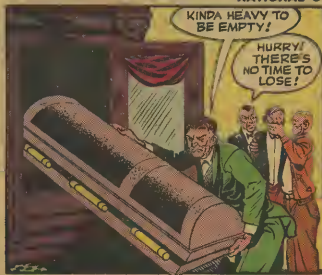


I'LL BET THIS WAS THE SNAPPIEST PRISON BREAK THEY EVER SAW!

AND HOW!... WHAT NOW -- BACK TO THE OLD HIDE-OUT BOSS?









Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

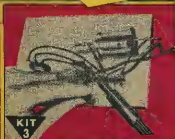
**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts 1 and 2. It soon helps you do work-around Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO—Win Success I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in

Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make

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Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting
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Sell only one order
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**HUNTING KNIFE WITH LEATHER
SHEATH—
Attaches to belt**



Big, husky 11-inch knife. Sell 1 order
American Seeds.

**CANDID TYPE
CAMERA**

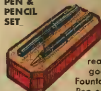


with carrying case. Takes 16
pictures on each roll of film.
Sell one order, plus \$1 extra.



Col-
**FAM-
ABLE**
with your name in gold on
the cover. Sell only one order.

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PENCIL
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really
good
Fountain
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Pencil. Given for sell-
ing one order.

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for Men
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Smartly-styled, two-toned, 7 com-
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Full size, sweet-
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Hawaiian scene.
Instruction sheet
FREE. Sell only one or-
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SWEETHEART DOLL

"Peggy Sweetheart,"
the doll you'd love
to own. Part and
pretty in her
sweetheart
gown. Sell
only one
order.

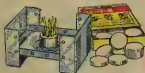


DRESSER SET

**FULL SIZE
Comb, Brush
and Mirror—ex-
quisitely de-
signed, beauti-
fully decorated.**
Sell one order.



**STURDY
AXE with
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Sheath
Attaches
to belt.**
Boys! Here's a husky
axe of regulation size,
in a leather sheath. Sell
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send you the money promptly, and get
my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

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